On the DEATH of

Sir Tho. Armſtrong;

IN

ANSWER

TO A LATE

Treaſonous LIBEL

Diſpers'd by the Factious.

THou Monſter *Armſtrong*, cou'd thy Soul return
But a few Minutes from her *Sulph'rous Urn*,
To ſee the Joys that Loyal men imploy,
At thy deſerv'd, tho' Fatal Deſtiny:
It wou'd (if poſſible) thy Pain increaſe,
And add new Tortures to *Hell's* Miſeries:
Hadſt thou ſtill Safe been in thy *Trayt'rous* Flight,
Thou hadſt not come up to this wicked height;
For th' *Treaſons* that Thou Living did'ſt intend,
Thou ne'r repent'ſt of at thy Fatal End:
Juſt thus dy'd *Peters*, *Harriſon* and *Pride*,
Much better *Catiline* and *Cethegus* dy'd.
If we ſhou'd tell how much he is too blame,
'Twould for a Volumn, be a Copious Theme:
If once (if true) he Loyal were, 'tis all
In his whole Life, that we can Virtuous call:
But we have too much reaſon to believe,
That even Then he did his King deceive;
And ſo did never Change, was ſtill a Rogue,
Still Courting whatſoever Power in Vogue:
And now his *Quarters*, moſt deſerv'dly ſtand
As *Scare-Crows* to the reſt o'th' *Factious Band*;

The

The Peaceful *Grave* to this day ne'r contain'd,
A *Carcas* like to His with *Treaſon* ſtain'd.
But ſure his Monſtrous Spirit 'gain is riſen
Out of the diſmal hole of *Hells* dark Priſon,
Has got a ſhort Reprieve, and now Indicts
All that this Horrid Impious Villain Writes:
Nothing but *Hells* Dear Imp cou'd e'er deviſe,
Such Horrid *Treaſons*, Monſtrous *Blaſphemies*,
Cou'd e'er rake up that *Holy Martyrs* Duſt,
Of our Firſt Sacred *Charles*, the Good, the Juſt:
Be Judge juſt Heaven, judge all on Earth below,
Judge, and then tell me, if you er're cou'd ſhew
One Vicious Act in the whole Bleſſed Reign
Of that moſt Sacred Prince, by *Traytors* ſlain:
And if into your Memory you call
The true *Idæa* of the Original,
You'll find in's *Sons*, he Copy'd is as True,
As e'er in Imitation *Titian* drew:
Our Sacred *Charles* is ſo averſe to Blood,
That (if he any Fault have) he's too Good,
Shews too much Mercy to his *Harden'd Foes*,
That wou'd Himſelf and Progeny Depoſe:
Can the moſt Brazen'd Face o'th *Factious Crew*
In Royal JAMES the leaſt Injuſtice ſhew?
No, 'tis their Grievance that the World Proclaims,
No Truer Friend, no Juſter man than JAMES:
What Subjects then can e'r refuſe t'obey,
The Juſt and equal Poiſe of *Charles*'s Sway?
We need not (*Rebels*) on you Vengeance call,
God lets the Rod of Juſtice on You fall;
The Heavenly Wiſdom all your Actions ſaw
Your Breach of Faith, o'th Kings, and of his Law,
Since each of you is become Heavens Foe,
Heaven's Juſtice does the Puniſhment beſtow.

Prin ed and Sold by *Nath. Thompſon* at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Croſs*, 1684.